

LOYAL TEARS

Poured on the Herse

Of that Most EXCELLENT PRINCE

HENRY Duke of GLOUCESTER.

OH Times! Unequal and Injurious Days:
 Oh Fates! whose Cypress hath outgrown the Bays:
 Oh Moneth! Unfortunate to all that's Good:
 Oh Place! the Poyson of this Royal Blood.
 Whom shal we blame, where shal we lay the weight
 Of such a Heaviness? Forgive the State,
 The Publick Weal, whose open'd empty Veins
 Scarce can endure to hear his Bloody Pains.
 And have we just but seen him, is he come
 Onely to Die, t'ennoble but the Tombe?
 Are all the Honors, all the Glories done,
 Most Arbitrary Death? (Must such a Son
 Die violently too) Stay, and give place to Fame,
 Whose great'st Attempt is but to reach his Name.
 What Autumn's this, why do we boast Increase?
 Deaths Harvest's valued in this Single Peice:
 And what the Plague in numbers would infect
 (A judgement witch'd for by every Sect)
 The Small-pox in this great and glorious Youth
 Did in effect fulfill, and curse with truth
 Their Divinations. Now, what drefs of Grief
 Shall give our Sorrow and our Loss belief?
 Which then of the three Kingdomes shall expire,
 And shine together in the Funeral Fire?
 O you bright Citizens of Heaven know
 There's nothing worth Him but the KING below.

We had an Earthly TRINITY before,
 The Stamp of that which you above adore;
 And you agreed to have our Saint away,
 Urg'd by the rival Worship of last May.
 Now they are *Gemini*, and the Royal Line
 Grows less with Fortune, and advanc'd, Decline.
 What Rebels Pride and Staring Insolence
 Brav'd not to Kill, see the unwarded Fence
 Of a just Triumph laid it in the Grave,
 And Vertue, Honor, Goodnes could not save.
 Well then, to Grieve is to comply with Fate,
 And make the Tyrant proud, and keep his state.
 We quarrel not at this most partial Lot,
 Onely we ask our SOVERAIGN, Why Not?
 'Tis a true Parentation to the De ad * Duke of Richmond.
 When Son and * Kinsman follow'd Him that bled,
 No other Life to Expiate that Crime?
 KINGS may, but Destinies allow no Time.
 Our Loss is greater than we dare to own,
 Let it not be among late Rebels known.
 Great Soul! whose Limits scarce can be defin'd,
 Better by Heaven than thy Moderate Mind:
 Thou ow'st not any thing to Life or Glory,
 Our Grief shall be thy chieft onely Story.